ENGLISH TALKERS.

II.

MR. BALFOUR, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, A GROUP OF JOURNALISTS.

One name I shall take from Mr. Russell erely because it is the one which Mr. Russell has bandled more inadequately than any I mean Mr. Balfour. "The word," said a lady whose word in such matters and in others is law, "which describes Mr. Balfour's talk is charm. It is not common in women; it is so rare in men that you can count the instances on your fingers." Well, if a man may presume to judge where a woman has given her verdict, charm is not too heavy a word. It is charm of character first of all, or of nature. or of temperament, or whatever the right word be. No two men are at the moment more op posed than he and Mr. John Morley, and if any thing could tempt me to break my resolution not 'to make comparisons, it would be to draw a parallel between these two. But I will not-I have said a good deal before now about Mr. Morley, and I abide by it all, and I must be much more brief about Mr. Balfour, and such as the sketch is he shall have it to himself.

His, too, is a mind which las undergone training far more austere than have most men's in these modern flippant days. He is an omniverous reader; of everything but newspapers, into which he never looks, and that act of self-indulgence by itself might serve as a guide to his character. He has read widely in many directions; speculative very largely, and because of this metaphysical tendency it used to be said that he would never take to practical politics. Ask our Irish friends what they think about it now, and whether they consider Mr. Balfour's politics practical or otherwise. Of him, as of Lord Rosebury the other day, it is to be said that his reading betrays itself by results. It comes out in his talk, of course; a full mind shows itself to be full. What Matthew Arnold and control. delighted to call play of mind is equally striking in his discussion of any subject, in his approach to it, in the attitude he takes up, in his choice of position, as it were, and on the leisurely survey of his object from a distance, and from several sides. If a single other word besides charm has to be fixed upon as descriptive of these intellectual processes and deliverances, perhaps leisure. liness would be the one. Nothing so vulgar as hurry is to be seen; yet the conclusion may come and often does come swiftly: a kind of lightning-stroke, following unexpectedly on a half indolent inspection of the whole matter. He can be acute and decisive when he choses, peremptory, too, and hit straight and bard; an other point on which the Irish in the House may be called as witnesses. The conversation that occurs between them and the Chief Secretary at anestion time day by day is very often brilliant example of dialogue and sometimes of dia-Perhaps you would like him better at table

or on the lawn of a lazy afternoon. Then Mr. Balfour would appear to you as a man who had all kinds of weapons in his armory; a great range of subjects, a flashing humor and kindly persugsiveness and luminous polished diction, with in reserve, not to be often brought out, a wit almost scornful in its touch, and a power of deadly reparter. Of that affectation, whether of cynicism or anything else, which Mr. Russell imputes to him, he has, so far as I have seen, no taint or trace. It is a mind which looks out clear-eyed upon the world as it is, and truthfully, which likes truth in others and in himself, and with at least as much hatred of shams as Carlyle believed he himself had. I have heard Mr. Balfour talk in various circumstances. Like everybody else, he talks better some times than at other times, but never can I remember to have heard a note that rang false or hollow. He is a moster of pure and delicate English; colloquial English nevertheless, with nothing in his language to suggest the book in breeches or primness of any kind, or pretence.

Mr. Chamberlain can hardly be left out of the list. He lacks flexibility, but he talks with the preision and energy of one of those machines which his beloved Midland capital is so proud of producing. A machine, however, is usually adapted to one special purpose, and Providence less not confined Mr. Chamberlain's activities to He is sometimes thought more peremptory and more positive than those who are content to accept the ordinary London code of conversation. Be that as it may, he is scute, ingenious, confident, and capable of stratagem in private as in public. If he does not choose to conform to all the conventionalities of the society which he entered later than most men, he shows hims-If loyal to the provincial world in which he was brought up; it is still the world for which he cares most, nor is provincial a word of reproach, His own town, his own people, the ideas and customs and opinions of his local friends and his constituents-these are all powerful with Mr. Chamberlain, now as when they were all he had to consider. It is natural, therefore, that the range of his talk should be less wide than if he had enlarged his interests and studies earlier in life. People in London will not talk politics forever; they care less for them, or at any rate say less about them, than is sometimes For the municipal affairs which hold so large a space in the mind of the ex- yor they care nothing at all, just as he in cares nothing at all for so many of the mat rs which make up the staple of dinner-table alk

in Mayfair. When, however, he became a considerable figure in public life be became a figure in society. He dined with the Prince of Wales at the Marlborough Club, and there were fashionable ladies who asked him and asked their friends to meet him, so that his opportunities were numerous. If he had wished to adapt himself to these new circumstances he had every advantage. But Mr. Chamberlain has an unbending character, and he does not accept all the overtures made to him or readily adopt that which is new. This limitation upon his methods of talk is evidently voluntary; he prefers his own path, and walks resolutely in the familiar tracks. No doubt he could branch out into others and make himself heard in fresh woods and pastures new. But the West End of London owes something to him ; among other things a more accurate acquaintthan it would otherwise have had with the social peculiarities of the Nonconformist community, and with the laws of social intercourse as they are understood in Birmingham.

Journalism is not without men who can talk as

about, whether in "Punch" or in private. This peculiarity is perfectly consistent with good fellowship; I never heard anybody question for a moment that Mr. Burnand was a good fellow, or doubt that his interest in the impalement of his subject is altogether scientific. He is genial from top to toe; inside and outside; his laugh is genial, his voice a genial the grasp of his hand is genial; nothing but geniality could induce him to amuse the company at the expense of the individual or the individual at the expense of the company. Everybody takes pleasure in meeting him, and takes his chance with the rest of what may turn up; he puns for choice, and, if some one else anticipates his pun or spoils his joke, or turns it against him, Mr. Burnand's geniality is proof even against the conversational calamities which to less richly gifted men are intolerable. No evening was

ever dell in his company. Mr. Archibald Forbes has a more masculine and serious style; as befits one who has known battles and sieges and taken part in campaigns His diction is most remarkable. You have heard him talk in America, and recognized in it the quality which is so difficult to describe-the something or other which sounds like a warning to get out of the way. If you don't get out of the way you might as well be in the path of a loco motive, or of a cavalry charge. Mr. Forbes has spent much of his life in the saddle, and acquired the habit of riding straight. He is as picturesque as he is forcible; he says what he has to say in words such as no other man would use, yet in his mouth they seem, and are, perfectly natural. They go to the mark like bullets; and sometimes leave a mark like a bullet. It is when he is challenged or provoked that this happenswhen war is declared. For in time of peace he is peaceful, and fires nothing but blank cartridges. But you can hear the roll of musketry even when the bullets have been omitted; and it is still impressive. It is Mr. Forbes's military and semi-military life and training which have made him what he is, but they do not make other men what he is, nor do many soldiers gain from war the style of steel which is his, or the luxuriant vocabulary of which he has complete possession

THE ARCHDUCAL MYSTERY.

REVELATIONS OF THE DOWAGER BARON. ESS VETSERA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Vienna, Aug. 22.-I write this letter on the Arch duke Rudolf mystery under the dictation of a Hun garian friend better informed than I could be the question, since the Vetseras belong both to Hun gary and Croatia. He happened to be slightly ac quainted with the family of the young heroine of the tragedy in Meyerling Castle, and, like all the other sincere friends of it, he deeply regrets the publishing of the aged Baroness's Memoirs, for it does not clear her daughter from the shame of having been knowingly the mistress of a married man, Archduke and imperial heir though he be, and it doenot disprove the extensively believed story to the effect that the Prince killed himself for some other motive. The dissolute life led by Rudolf was known everybody and was not a secret to his wife, Arch duchess Stephanie, who did not care about it any nore than her mother-in-law, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, cared about the conjugal infelicities of her husband, Emperor Francis Joseph. No serious obstacles existed to prevent the continuation of his intimacy with the young Baroness Versera.

These adventures and caprices, though tolerated, or rather winked at, have not been, however, with out producing sometimes tragical results. Thus, in this case, the people stick to the following explanation of the Meyerling mystery. Archduke Rudolf had been surprised by a Prince in a compromising situation with the latter's wife. A duel being in possible with the heir to the throne, the Archduke, who was, anyhow, a brave and chivalric man, agreed the injured husband and his wife's brother that they would not punish the Princess for her infidelity. When the day of reckoning arrived Rudolf sent for his tatest love, and Mary Vetsera, hearing of his sulcidal resolve without suspecting the cause of it, excepting that it might be on her own account, insisted on leaving life at the same time her lover chose to This is quite in keeping with the morbid spirit displayed in the setters published in Memoir which the Dowager Baroness Vetsera has caused to be printed and privately circulated among

It seems as if in that mysterious tragedy the characters had been interchanged and that the young, foolish, poetical girl was more of a Werther than of a Charlotte. She did not, like Goethe's heroine, survive her love and her lover to marry another man and bring up many children-she wanted to die with

Their first interview took place on the 5th of November, 1888, thanks to arrangements made by a certain Counters. The latter was a friend of Mary's mother, and betrayed that friendship by playing a disgraceful role in the whole affair. She used to take out the young lady for a drive or for shopping, and threw her into the arms of the Archduke. She explained away and quieted the suspicions of the mother, who discovered one day in the possession of her daughter an iron engagement ring bearing the name "Rudolf" and the letters "I. L. V. B. I. D. T.," meaning in German "In Liebe Vereint bis in den Tod" (United by Love even to Leath). The Countess said that it had been given to herself by Archduke Rudolf and presented by her to her dear est friend, Mary, who was, like many Viennese

Meanwhile, she had become to be more than an admirer of him. In one of the notes addressed by her to another young lady, she wrote: "I cannot live without seeing and talking to him. .. Oh, if we could only live together in a poor cottage, how happy I would be! We often talk about it, and that makes us happy. But, aias, it can not be so. Could I give him my life for his happiness I would do it cheerfully, for what is life worth?"

She was true to her word, and before dying she wrote: "Dear mother, forgive me for what I have stood with him, and I want to be buried by his side than life. Your Mary." She expressed the same sentiments in notes addressed to her sister and to a friend, which are republished in the Memoir of

Baroness Vetsera. For its second part, the Memoir relates the efforts made in vain by the unfortunate mother to prevent the catastrophe. Her daughter had disappeared suddenly. The Baroness, whose suspicions were at last thoroughly aroused and bent in the right direction, asked for the assistance of the police author The Director answered that in such cases police investigations are ordered to proceed no further as soon as they meet with the personality of the heir soon as they meet with the personality of the heir to the throne. The tragedy at the hunting lodge of Meyerling was therefore easily consummated, and the mother had afterward many difficulties to over-come in order to exhance the body of her daughter and give her a proper burfal in the family ground. The "reasons of State," as we say in Europe-that is, political motives—thanks to which, efforts were made to hush up the whole sad affair as much as pos-sible, uselessly added to the grief of the Vetsera-family, and finally caused the publishing of the Memoir.

CURIOUS CONTRADICTIONS IN CHARACTER

Journalism is not without men who can talk as well as write. Who has not heard of Mr. Sala, or who that ever heard him did not wish to hear more of him? Conventional he is not, nor does he care to be. He is himself, which is more important; one of those individualities who make room for themselves wherever they go. The voice may be in a louder key than that of the average young man of the period; the manner more positive; or nonconformity carried sometimes to a point where it seems defiant. It may not lead to imitation, but it compels an admiring respect. Mr. Sala is copious, fluent, convinced, and the most accurate man who ever told an anecdote. His stock of anecdote is as inexhaustible as the balance of the Rothschilds at their bankers', and he draws upon it freely. You cannot start a topic on which he has not a story ready; always to the point, illustrative and worth telling: told, moreover, in a way that makes you think a bad story good (that is one of Mr. Depew's secrets also); plenty of mother-wit, too, and power of seeing things for himself, and of making you see them. He has two rivals, each as unlike him as they are to each other: Mr. Burnand and Mr. Archibald Forbes. The genial Editor of "Punch," as it is the fashion to call him, does not carry geniality to the point, illustrative is proved by his surprise that the rist should take it iil; his conviction that the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be joked the rest of mankind exist in order to be jo

ON THE AVON.

RIVER LIFE AT STRATFORD.

THE OLD LUCY MILL - HATTON ROCK-RIVER SCENERY-A ROW PAST CHARLECOTE

AND HAMPTON LUCY.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESONDENT OF THE TRIDE'NE.] Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 22. The river life of Stratford is one of the chief delights of this delightful town. The Avon, secording to law, is navigable from its mouth, at Tewksbury, where it empties into the Severn, as far upward as Warwick; but according to fact it is passable only to the resolute navigator who can surmount obstacles. From Tewksbury up to Evesham there is plain sailing. Above Evesham there are occasional barriers. At Stratford there is an abrupt pause, at the Lucy Mill, and your boat must be taken ashore and dragged a little way over the meadow, and so launched again, The Lucy Mill is just below the Shakespeare Church, and from this point up to Clopton's Bridge the river is quite broad. Here the boatraces are rowed every year. Here the stream ripples against the pleasure-ground known as the Bancroft, skirts the gardens of the Shakespeare Memorial, glides past the levely lawns of Avonbank-the home of that noble public benefactor and fine Shakespearean scholar, Charles Edward Flower-and breaks upon the sustaining wall of the churchyard, crowned with the high and thickleaved elms that nod and whisper over Shakespeare's dust. The town lies on the left or west bank of the Avonbank, as you ascend the river, looking northward. On the right or east bank there is a wide stretch of meadow. To fload along here, in the gleaming, when the bats are winging their "cloistered flight," when the great flocks of starlings are flying rapidly over, when "the crow makes wing to the rooky wood," when the and equally the graves and flowers upon the pleasure that sinks deeply into the heart and will never be forgotten. You do not know Stratford till you know the Avon.

From Clopton's Bridge upward the river winds

capriciously between banks that are sometimes

fringed with willows, and sometimes bordered with grassy meadows, or patches of woodland, or cultivaated lawns enclosing villas that seem the ness and peace. The course is now entirely clear for several miles. Not till you pass the foot of Alveston village does any obstacle present itself: but here, as well as a little further on, by Hatton Rock, the stream runs shallow and the current be comes very swift, dashing over sandy banks and great masses of tangled grass and weeds. These are "the rapids," and through these the mariner must make his way by adroit steering and a vig crous and expert use of oars and boat-hook. The Avon now is bowered by tall trees, and upon the height that it skirts you see the house of Rhynhill-celebrated in one of the novels of Miss Braddon. This part of the river, closed in from the world, and showing in each direction twinkling vistas of sun and shadow, is especially lovely. Here, in a quiet hour, the creatures that live along these shores will freely show themselves and their busy ways. The water-rat comes out of his hole and nibbles at the reeds or swims sturdily across the stream. The moor-hen flut ters out of her nest among the long, green rushes and skims from bank to bank. The nimble little wag-tail flashes through the foliage. The squirrel leaps among the boughs, and the rabbit scampers into the thicket. Sometimes a kingfisher, with his shining azure shield, pauses for a moment among the guarled roots upon the brink. Sometimes a heron, disturbed in her nest, rises suddealy upon her great wings and soars grandly away. Once, rowing down this river at nearly midnight, I surprised more than one otter, and heard the splash of their precipitate retreat. The ghost of an old gypsy, who died by suicide upon this wooded shore, is said to haunt the neighboring crag; but this, like all other ghosts that ever I came near, eluded equally my vision and my desire. But it is a weird spot at night.

Near Alveston Mill you must drag your boat over a narrow strip of land and launch her again for Charlecote. Now once more this delicious water-way is broad and fine, as it sweeps past the A great bed of white water-lilies (hitherto they have all been yellow) presently adorns it, and soon there are glimpses of the deer that browse or prance or slumber beneath the magnificent oaks and elms and limes and chestnuts of Charlecote Park. A chain has been put across the river, by Lucy of Charlecote, but this is an unauthorized impediment and the hold navigator lifts it and passes beneath it. No view of Charlecote can compare with the view of it that is obtained from the river; and if its proprietor values its reputation for beauty be ought to be glad that lovers of the beautiful sometimes have an opportunity to see it from this point-notwithstanding his inhospitable chain. The older wing, with its oriel window and quaint belfry, is of a peculiar, mellow reddisb color, relieved against bright green ivy, to which only the brush of an artist could do justice. Nothing more delicious, in its way, is anywhere to be found; at least, the only piece of architecture I have seen that excels it in beauty of color is the ancient home of Compton-Wynyates :- but that is the central cem of Warwickshire, and surpasses all its fellows. The towers of the main building of Charlecote are octagon; and a happy alternation of thin and slender with stout and stunted turrets much enhances the effect of quaintness in this grave and opulent edifice. A walled terrace, margined with urns and blazing with flowers of gold and crimson, extends from the river front to the water side and terminates in a broad flight of stone steps, at the foot of which are moored the barges of the house of Lucy. No spectacle could suggest more of aristocratic state and austere magnificence than this sequestered edifice does. standing there, silent, antique, venerable, gorgeous, surrounded by its vast, thick-wooded park and musing, as it has done for hundreds of years, on the silver Avon that murmurs at its feet. Close by there is a lovely waterfall; over which some little tributary of the river descends in a five-fold wave of shimmering crystal, wafting a music that is heard in every chamber of the house and in all the fields and woodlands round about. It needs the sun to bring out the rich colors of Charlecote, but once when I saw it from the river a storm was coming on, and vast masses of black and smoke-colored cloud were driving over it in shapeless blocks and jugged streamers, while countless frightened birds were whirling above it; and presently, when the flerce lightning flashed neross the heavens and the deluge of rain descended and beat upon it, surely a more romantic sight was never seen.

Above Charlecote the Avon grows parrow for a space, and after you pass under Hampton Lucy Bridge your boat is much entangled in river grass and much impeded by whirls and eddies of the shallowing stream. There is another mill at Hampton Lucy, and a little way beyond the village your further progress upward is stopped by a waterfall-beyond which, however, and accessible by the usual expedient of dragging the boat over the land, a noble reach of the river is disclosed. stretching away toward Warwick, where the wonderful Castle, and sweet St. Mary's tower, and Leicester's Hospital, and the cosey Warwick Arms, await your coming-with mouldering Kenilworth and majestic Stoneleigh Abbey reserved to lure you still further afield. But the scene around Hampton Lucy is not one to be quickly left. There the meadows are rich and green and fragrant. There the large trees give grateful shade and make sweet music in the summer wind. There from the ruddy village thin spizes of blue smoke curl unward through the leaves, and seem to tell of comfort and content beneath. At a little distance the gray tower of the noble churchan edifice of peculiar and distinctive majesty, and a penalty-ordered him to ride up and down the school

one well worthy of the exceptional beauty enshrined within it-rears itself among the clms. Close by the sleek and indolent cattle are couched upon the cool sod, looking at you with large, quiet, lustrous, indifferent eyes. The waterfall sings on, with its low and melancholy plaint, while sometimes the silver foam of it is caught up and whirled away by the breeze. The waves sparkle on the running stream and the wild flowers, in gay myriads, glance and glimmer on the velvet shore. And so, as the sun is setting and the rooks begin to fly homeward, you breathe the fragrant air from Scarbank, and look upon the veritable place that Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote his line of endless melody,-

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN - ISSUES AND CANDIDATES.

POLITICS IN VENEZUELA.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Caracas, August 21. The whole of Venezuela, and especially this capital s all ablaze with the excitement of a political campaign. How to prevent a big slice of Venezuelan critory from being gobbled up by England is the burning question and on it the Presidential election will mainly turn. The whole matter has been wors han bungled in Europe by Venezuela's representative there, ex-President Guzman Blanco. The people and Government of the United States are, firectly interested in the present electoral campaign, which will result in the election of a President read to do the bidding of England, or of a true Venezuelan patriot, bound to resist British encroachments on the National territory, with or without the help of a sister Republic, which prohibited such encroachments on American soil, by her Monroe Doctrine. Venezuela has constantly protested, in 1822, 1836, 1844 and 1886, against the advance steadily made by England from the Esseautho frontier to the mouth of the Orinoco, a stream whose possession, still better than water is as smooth as a mirror of burnished steel | that of the Amazon, would give her the political and commercial domination over the richest portion of banks, and the stately trees and the gray and South America. While negotiations were proceedsolemn and beautiful church are reflected deep in ing at London in 1886, with Lord Rosebery, British the lucid stream, is an experience of thoughtful agents invaded Venezuela up to Barima Point, and a revenue critica cruised in the space which lies be tween the Amacuro and Barima Rivers, thus practically controlling the outlets of the Orinoco. On this occurrence the Government ordered its represen ative in Europe, General Guzman Blanco, to break up the negotiations. Since that time the enormously successful working of gold mines in the district of Yuruari has attracted there a considerable British im migration, and the Anglo-Guianese claim that district chosen homes of all this world can give of loveli- as belonging to Guiana, on whose inland border it is s!tuated.

No wonder, then, that, under the circumstances, the electoral fight should rest mainly on questions of for eign policy. This explains why Guzman Blanco rmerly the real master of the country, but who i now charged with having neglected its interests during ds diplomatic campaign in England, stands in a corner of the electoral arena like a masked man, determine to push himself forward and fight only after the avowed candidates shall have retired and he shall stand slone in the field. But his chances are poor, if cal ulated on the ratio of support he gets among the 133 Venezuelan newspapers, forty-nine of them dailies.

As to the three other candidates fighting openly for he Presidential election, one, Senor Abreu, is hardly mown and his candidacy up to the present time is not considered seriously by anybody. The actual resident, Senor Juan Pablo Rojas Paul, has no hear not considered seriously by anybody. The acoust president, senor Juan Pablo Rojas Paul, has no heart in the struggle, and runs to please his friends rather than to satisfy any ambition of his own. After having governed for many months with a splendid success, senor Rojas Paul fears that an adventurous future might spoil the laurels of his political past. His policy of concord has considerably contributed to the development of the country, since all political parties united under his guidance to establish true republican institutions. The quieting influence of President Rojas Paul is felt during this campaign, which proceeds with a tranquility somewhat unexpected in a country where the climate and the native character combine as the principal factors of the warlifet temper of its inhabitants. It is true that all the candidates—en Mr. Crespo, who was exiled two years ago after his revolutionary attempt, and whose name is also put forward by a few friends—are honorable "caballeris," gentlemen. Moreover, there is no direct or popular ballot; it is the National Congress which has to choose the occupant of the "Casa Amarilla," the Red House.

The third for the fourth if Crespo runs) serious candidated the latter that a latter of the results.

indlot: it is the National Congress which has to choose the occupant of the "Casa Amarilla," the Red House. The third (or the fourth if Crespo runs) serious candidate is Doctor Jesus Munoz Tebar, a man of the greatest social and political respectability. For mineteen years he has served his country, nearly always as Minister of Public Works, or in other high offices of the administration. He is an intelligent and well-known engineer and has consecrated a large portion of his life to matters of public instruction. He also was the rector of the Caracas University, wrote several school books and delivered many remarkable speeches while he occupied a seat as a Senator in the Venezuelan Congress. Whenever an important work, like a railroad, an aquedict, or any other work of public utility had to be accomplished, Dr. Munoz Tebar was sure to have something to do with it in the capacity of oughness, director or other character. His qualities have won him the admiration and friendship of all political parties, which see in him a man with a national reputation, whose public and private life has not been altacked by anybody. He is also known as being the favorite candidate of the actual President, who, though a competitor and a candidate also, will protect with all his honest energy an absolute freedom of elections.

IN CARLYLE'S SCHOOL.

A SCENE WITH "THE BEST SCHOLAR OF KIRKCALDY."

'rom The Edinburgh Scotsman. It should at once be mentioned that this "seene"—down to its minutest details—was described by an eye-witness, a Cupar-Fife lawyer and Provest, who had been a negli with the control of t down to its minimest details—was described by an eyewitness, a Cupar-Fife lawyer and Provest, who had
been a pupil under Carlyle, and whose representation
of his teacher's peculiarities was all the more likely to
be exact and frustworthy from his not having any idea
that his Carlyle—"the queer mortal that stormed and
walloped learning into him!—was identical with the
world-famous Thomas Carlyle. This ignorance, in the
pupil, of Carlyle's career as an author rendered the
account of what he saw in the Kirkcaldy school not
only more faithful in itself, but also more richly
curious to those hearers, all whose knowledge of
Carlyle related to his literary achievements. The
Provost had soon to answer several questions, and was
apparently staggered at the keen interest taken in his
stern schoolmaster; but he obviously explained this to
himself by the humor which he had shed into his recital. Must he not have quietly put forth Charles
Lamb's power in making his scowling dominic fascinating to strangers! One of those eager hearers was
the well-known Edinburgh journalist, Hugh Miller,
who happened at the time (in 1853) to be a few days
in Capar-Fife. — An elderly gentleman in the r-Fife. . . An elderly gentleman in linner-party described the former teacher

viewing the peculiar angle at which the hat stood upon the head, and how near it came to the eyebrows, could conjecture if the savage mood were to be that day predominant.

"But my teacher," said the Provost, "a strict and gloomy disciplinarian, with the name of Carlyle, never wore his hat in the school; and, indeed, his brow was so overhung with dark threatening, and his large glowing eyes constantly shot forth wrath, white his protruding chin was laden with scorn, that no extra expression to alarm as was needed from his hum-hat! He did not thrash us either very often or very severely, but we had a fear that, if provoked, he would go great lengths in punishment. I have seen his mere scowl hush at once the whole school. The biggest and boldest boys specially dreaded his grins and his mocking words. How savagely his teeth were wont to grind out the terms dunce or blockhead."

"Hugh Miller here interposed by askisg, "Did your teacher ever burst into a strange laugh in school?"

"That is a very extraordinary laugh that mate us all stare. It had a train of queer chucking, which exploded in a succession of loud and deep guifaws that shook his whole body and displayed all his teeth like the heys of a piano. He then clapped his hands on the book he held against his knees; yet none of us ever knew at what he was laughing. He had a grim smile in reproving pupils, and a habit of tapping their heads with his knuchles, as he told them that the heads would never be worth the price of hats, or the charge of a barber, though mammas and aunish had, that morning, combed, hissed, and blessed them in pious wonder—as if they were teeming with the sublimest inventions and designs?"

The Provost saw that Hugh Miller and some other guests were listening eagerly; and he proceeded—"One morning, a few minutes before the schoolhour, when most of the pupils had arrived, and—as rain was failing—they had gone into the school, a donkey, which had oroken loose from its tether on a grassy spot near, was entering the playeround. But of the mast

ad of templing us to John In P. Pass renewed again I complete hush, and that roar was renewed again I again, when the ass, withdrawing its forefeet in the first step of the desit chair, and, turning and, took a pace or two slowly toward the master. If to salute him. "That," exclaimed Carlyle, "is s wisest and best scholar Kirkealdy has yet sent in the salute him to be your feacher." I he is fit to be your feacher." I to do ours, and said, "There's some ing here, far more than in the shulls of any of his eithren before me, though these shulls are patted to the salute of hat far grander head-piece meets only with meet dows." He then gave some hard taps on Bill Ho and, and would not allow him to discount penalty.

for an hour, while those boys who had been most active in helping Bill to go through the farce had to march in pairs before and behind the perplexed looking ass. He did not require the other scholars to attend to their several school lessons, but silently permitted them to stand as spectators of the grotesque procession. Then he himself, seated within his pulpitifike desk, surveyed Bill and his company with a strange mixture of mirth, seorn and fury.

"The procession had not been broken up when an old and ragged irishman—the owner of the animal—came upon the scene and expressed both surprise and anger at the drill through which his faithful Pat (as he called the ass, after his country's saint was going, and especially at the load of book-bags attached to his tail. He did not seem to understand the compliments which Mr. Carlyle promounced upon the donkey's brain-power and wisdom, but admitted that Pat had a very big head, which all the shifletaks at Donnybrook Fair would not break; and he offered—if master had a fancy for Pat as a scholar, and wished to taitch him mathematics and the globes. offered—'if master had a fancy for Pat as a scholar, and wished to taiteh him mathematics and the globes, he would let him have the brute for a single pieture (the Irishman's term for a pound note).' The laugh with which our teacher received and rejected this proposal nearly confounded Barney, who hurried away with his donkey, loudly expressing a hope that the animal would be cured of braying after hearing such a laugh from the schoolmaster, but that he would not be spoiled or get too high notions through that morning's lessons: I remember that our master glared augrily at the Irishman for playing off wit against his laughter; but I don't exactly recollect what he said in return that provoked the donkey's owner. It was something about Paddy and the millions of his countrymen keeping themselves outside of all schools, and growing up uneducated savages, to ions of his countrymen keeping themselves outside of all schools, and growing up uneducated savages, to feed on potatoes and on the lying humbug of agitators—a people that should be within lufant schools, yet shouting for Repaie and the right to govern themselves. I have not for years thought of this scene, onlined the Provost, "but it has now come back to me freshly, and I remember that my old master had a very strange laugh. I don't know what has become of him; nor, indeed, have I heard of him since I left Kirkcaldy School."

SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

THE VISIT OF THE CANTONAL MARKSMEN TO PARIS-A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNG.

Paris, August 31.
The advances made by the Swiss Republic to that of France have been met with enthusiasm. This is because of Prince Bismarck's high-handed mode of treating the old Helvetian Confederation. Erckmann and Chatrian began their literary work An opportunity was afforded by the shooting-match at Vincennes for an exchange of cordial greetings. East, North and West Switzerland agreed to send there eleven hundred marksmen, and the Federal flag of the Confederation. This was a way of showing that the marksmen in a peculiar manner were the representatives of Helvetia. They were in their hats a tuft of Alpine Flowers and a cockade having on it the white cross over a red ground, which has become a token of humanity amid the carnage and other horrors of war. Every Switzer brought a nosegay of mountain flowers to Elysee. It would be difficult for any one who did not see how they have been received here to realize the splendor of the welcome given them. The War Minister himself went to address them at Vincennes, attended by his staff. The Swiss flag, which they bore, was saluted with emotion by the French troops wherever they saw it flying. M. de Freycinet told the Switzers that he hoped to be able to take some hints from them in regard to defensive strategy. The eleven hundred marched from Vincennes to the Hotel de Ville singing in perfect time and tune. Switzerland is in danger, and feels and knows

it. Hence the earnestness of the singers and their power to stir as they did the listeners. The hurrahing of the Switzers expressed their delight when M. Chantemps, seizing a bumper of champagne, drank to her two Presidents-Carnot and Hammer. The Councillors of State of Berne and Geneva came with the marksmen; and were present at the Hotel de Ville dinner. I had a talk with M. Gobat, the Councillor of State of Berne He said that the ears of the world have grown accustomed this year to the Marseillaise. He remarked how forward the United States were to fill the place which at the opening of the Exhibition the European nations had left empty by withdrawing their Ambassadors from Paris. Switzerland was entering a critical phase of her national life. She had never, previous to 1871, found herself hemmed round by great military nations. But as the material improvements of the age forced nations to progress or perish, she need not fear, because the Helvetian Cantons as a whole were on the right track. For five centuries they had been well instructed and taught to speak two of three great languages namely, German and French, or French and Italian, or German and Italian. They are industrial, industrious, frugal and, indeed, a model people in public and private conduct. Office had w-gaws to give them. It expected duties which were cheerfully discharged.

Streiff Lucenger, of Glaris, came to the shooting-match at Vincennes. He is the champion shot of Switzerland, though sixty-five years old. His flowing beard in white. His profile is Roman A steady, keen eye reveals the marksman, and a free, manly bearing the Republican. Streiff has won fifty gold cups and a far greater number of silver ones, not to speak of medals and rifles and pistols. He is a courier by trade and learned the business in Paris in the Passage du Caire. Streiff s an amateur marksman. He rarely stirs from home without his gun, and he practises at every village target. You perhaps know that Swiss militarism almost entirely runs to rifle shooting, and that the country lads are in their spare moments always training themselves. The sure shot of whom I speak seorns to steady himself by place ing one knee on the ground, and nearly always stands. His eye is as fresh and the hand as firm as ever. But he left the prizes for the young men and refused to burn his forty cartridges un-

less as a " hors de concours" sharp-shooter. The pale-faced Czarewich may after all come here in September. Conversations have taken place between the Russian Ambarsador and the Foreign Minister on the possibility of his paying a visit to the Exhibition. He is gifted with a tenor voice, which has been well cultivated, and has musical talents. This enables him to join in the family concerts, which are the great solace of the Czar, and bring repose to his spirits after the worry of the so-called State affairs with which he has to deal, and which may be termed quarrels between courtiers and questions turning upon bunts for places that he can dispose of. George, the second son of Alexander III, has been here for some days. He is very like his mother, who has irregular features, but is lively, engaging and has the spice of original elegance that the Princess of Wales so lacks. This grand Duke has a nose flat at the bridge and wide at the nostrils, and wide, firmly closed and sensuous fips, ever ready to break into laughter. He is in the charge of a Russian naval officer, Captain Lomen, and has but one servant with him. He has been on the Eiffel Tower and been to see Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" show. As ever happens when a Prince goes there, a wild horse rolled over a cowboy, who was carried off the ground disabled. This

is part of the business. Prince George was taken up to M. Eiffel's own room in the cupola that crowns the tower. There are field-glasses and telescopes there, by the aid of which a vast area of the pleasant land of France may be surveyed. The Prince, M. Salle (M. Eiffel's son-in-law) told me, looks an honest good-hearted youth. His moral tone is high. Alexander III is honesty itself. It is not his fault if he is an autocrat. He makes the best of the position and leads a virtuous life. Nothing can be more homely than his home life. The private apartments of all his palaces bear witness to his plain tastes. Early to bed and early to rise is his rule, to which, in spite of her passion for dancing parties, his wife conforms,

The Czar is now at Fredenborg with the Czarina and four of his young people. The Princess of Wales and her two younger daughters meet them there. That palece of the King of Denmark stands in a park planted with splendid old beech trees. The scenery is of a generous, peaceful character, and the house is roomy and unpretentious. It is a haven of rest to all the children of their Danish Majesties, who fill the greatest situations in Great Britain, Greece and St. Petersburg. The Princess of Wales and the comments of the control of the cont Their sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, has not enough and winces at her husband, who is the head of the Guelph family, not having the regal status which he was brought up to fill.

E. C. may be the truth of the case and the real ground of the quarrel, it must be a cause for universal regret that such a long and beautiful association head of the Guelph family, not having the regal literature of the world will be enriched with no more works bearing the signature of "Erckman-Chatrian."

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

THE FAMOUS LITERARY PARTNERSHIP BROKEN IN ENMITY.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNG! Paris, August 29, The most unexpected event in the literary world of France in late years is the quarrel between Messrs, Erckmann and Chatrian. It is also as deplorable as it is surprising. There is a real pathos in the spectacle of two men who for more than a generation have been not only literary partners, but the closest of personal friends, and who have thus far stood by each other both in adversity and in prosperity, now in their old age becoming enemies over a question of money, This literary partnership, which is only paralleled in history by that of Beaumont and Fletcher, had its origin about forty-two years ago. At that time M. Emile Erckmann was twenty-six years old. He was the son of an Alsatian book-seller and was being trained for the bar. M. Alexandre Chatrian was four years younger. His father was a glass manufacturer, and had fallen upon evil days. The young man had secured a wellpaid clerkship in a large glass factory in Belgium. with a prospect of one day becoming a partner in the establishment. It was therefore a sore trial to the elder Chatrian when his son threw up this promising position to become a writer of books. For at that time literature was not highly regarded by the good folk of Alsace. It is told that Victor Hugo, while at the height of his fame, was visiting friends in that part of France. He found himself constantly watched by the servants as though there were danger of his making off with the silver, and at dinner the first day, when the champagne was served, the unappreciative domestic was heard to inquire of his master, "Shall I give any to that literary man ?" It was in the teeth of such prejudice that Messrs,

member of the faculty of the College of Phalsbourg, where M. Chatrain had secured a tutorship which would support him until his Council entrusted to their keeping the ancient literary work became profitable. For twelve years the young friends worked together, meeting with nothing but discouragement. Some of their short stories were printed but not praised and little read. Their novels were either rejected outright or, if accepted, were filed away in pigron-holes to be printed and paid for only in later years. There dramatic works met with a similar fate; only one, called " Alsace in 1814," was performed, and after la Presidente de la Republique Française, which the first night it was suppressed by the Governthey were all allowed to present to ber at the meat for political reasons. Indeed literature was at rather a low ebb in France just then. The attention of the public was monopolized by politics. After a few years the Second Empire was established and popular politics went into the background. But with the revival of novel-writing that followed the partners found themselves out of sympathy. There was a demand for the highly flavored works of Flaubert, Feydau and Arsene Houssave. The partners could not or would not write in that vein. So they gradually worked their way down almost to starvation. Indeed, they had reached the bottom of the literary ladder and were looking for a new one to climb.

Erekmann was actually on his way to Paris to

take up his law books again, and M. Chatrian had

applied for a clerk-hip on a railway at \$300 a year

together. They were introduced to each other by

Then the tide suddenly turned. The work which gave them fame and fortung was a fantastic story called "L'Hiustre Docteur Matheus." It came out in the thirteenth year of their partnership, and during the Emperov Napoleon's Italian campaign. The public for some inscrutable reason took a fancy to the work, and bought three editions of it within as many weeks. This of course encouraged the partners to confinue their literary career, and they did so with a success scarcely rivalled by any contemporary writer. As year after year went by their books pervaded every quarter of France; and were read literally by everybody. The artisan in the workshop was sure to have their latest production on his bench. The clerk would lave it in his pocket, to read a few lines at a time in odd moments. The peasant would pore over it by lamplight, when his day's work in the fields was done. Nor were their readers by any means confined to the humbler classes. Scholars and lovers of the best classical literature found equal delight in their careful, vigorous and virile writing.

Like most great novelists, these men wrote with moral purpose. They strove to emancipate the and ignorance. Thus they made their readers acquainted first of all with the history of their own country, written, it is true, in the form of fiction, but none the less serious and soler history. These works were properly called "National Romances," Such were their "Waterloo," "The History of a Peasant," "The Story of a Con-"The History of the Man of the People,"
"The History of the Plebiscite," and others. The
vigorous patriotism of their writings often brought
upon them the distavor of the elergy, and even of
the Ministry of Public Instruction, whose routine
methods they unsparingly criticised. During the
later years of the Second Empire they did much " The History of the Man of the People,"

methods they unsparingly criticised. During the later years of the Second Empire they did much to turn the tide of popular sentiment against. Napoleon, and since the "Terrible Year" their writings have savored strongly of a spirit of revenge against the German conquerors.

It was not until they had become rich and famous that the public became generally aware that "Erekmann-Chatrian" were two persons. Some years ago the partners described to me the methods of their joint work. They would meet and block out the piots of their stories together, the process being accompanied by a prodigious deal of tobacco smoking. M. Chatrian was cheffy responsible for the piots, being the more imaginative and inventive of the two. The minor and practical details were supplied by M. Erekmann. Then one of them would write the first chapter of the novel, and wherever in it he came to a point the novel, and wherever in it he came to a point where it would be well to insert a passage that could better be written by his partner he would leave a blank for that partner to fill up. The other would then fill up the blank and revise the whole I into whole. In this way almost every chapter was actually the joint production of the two men. The bulk of the descriptions of Alsatian scenery, the love-making research and production of the two men. of the descriptions of Alsatan scenery, the love-making passages and the more poetic and romantic conversations were written by M. Chatrian. He also supplied the appetizing descriptions of dinners which abound in their books. The political and military portions and the shrewd and practical conversations of the common people were written by M. Erckmann. After the whole was finished the partners would go over it again and again. conversations of the common the whole was finished by M. Erckmann. After the whole was finished the partners would go over it again and again, separately and together, revising and generally much curtailing it. Thus when the work was finally published it displayed a terseness and careful finish such as one finds unfortunately in but the projects nevels. ful finish such as one finds unfortunately in but lew modern novels.

rew modern novels.

The present quarrel has broken forever this long and sauccessful partnership. As nearly as I can ascertain, it had its origin in a dispute over the dramatization of their works. Several of their joint stories have been produced on the stage with great success, but M. Erckmann has had nothing whatever to do with patting them into dramatic form. That labor has fallen entirely upon M. Chatrian and two dramatic writers in Paris whom he has employed to assist him. M. Erckmann, however, has regularly received a full share of the profits on the pieces. In late years Paris whom he has employed to assist him. M. Erckmann, however, has regularly received a full share of the profits on the pieces. In late years these profits have been considerably reduced, and it is said that under these circumstances M. Erckmann has objected to any share of them going to M. Chatrian's two assistants. In this way M. Erckmann has really claimed for himself the hon's share of the profits, although he has done non's share of the work. This is the account given by none of the work. This is the account given by the friends of M. Chatrian, and to it M. Erckmann has a syst made no reply. Other still more unhas as yet made no reply. Other still more unhas as yet made no reply. Other still more unhas as yet made the repleasant stories are abroad. It is charged that the showed these qualities conspicuously in the war of 1870. This, however, is to be listened to with much caution. If it were true it is scarcely to be imagined that the tatriotic M. Chatrian would for eighteen years after that war have continued his friendship and partnership with M. Erckmann. The story, moreover, was started and pretty well exploded years ago, when started and pretty well exploded years ago when started and pretty well and that the piece on its first presentation would be hooted off the stage by the indignant soldiers and patriots of Paris. On the contrary,